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American Boy

...and...

Letters to His Mother



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The American Boy

and

Letters to His Mother



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THE AMERICAN BOY

DEDICATED
TO THE AMERICAN YOUTH

HO like him will refrain from the use of tobacco or spirituous liquors, that they may succeed in business and have money to educate themselves by travel and study.

June, 1912

THE AMERICAN BOY

AND LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER

Paul Ellis was the eldest of three brothers. He early showed a desire to make his own toys and run his own affairs. When he was three years old his parents moved to the suburbs of a large city. The week previous to their moving he was sent to the store to get some flour; he put the small bag on his sled, and when near home it rolled off, and broke open and some of its contents spilled on the sidewalk. He went home with what was left in the bag and came back with a brush and dust pan and cleaned it up, to the amusement of neighbors that were looking on.

The large yard of his city home was his delight. He had a store at one end and a garden at the other and would cart things across it. His wooden stool turned upside down was his wagon; the things would slide off between its

legs, but he very patiently laid them cross-wise so they would help each other to stay on.

One day he went to the grocery store with his father. Many questions were asked him. It broke the charms of his yard. He had to pass the terminal of a street car to get to the store and as it stood there ten minutes mounted its back platform with his sled. The conductor put him off; the third time he did this, the conductor let him stay on and took him to a station two miles toward the city, then set him off and went back without him.

Paul immediately started after the street car, dragging his sled until he reached the corner near his home and returned to it very tired.

One day his busy mother looked in vain for him and asked a passing neighbor what they did when a child was lost? He replied, "We never had a child lost, but we will help you seek for him and drag the pond for you." Every family sent out someone and toward night Paul was found asleep with his sled in the crook of a fence two miles from home; tears had

streaked his dusty face. He was then sent to a private school which his elder sister attended, and they had no more trouble with him. This was before the time of kindergartens.

When Paul was eleven years old he was sent to a military school, just started, by a teacher from the Boston Latin School. Paul's seat was in front of two boys whose father was a trustee, and they at once began to pull his hair and call him names. One day when the teacher was near by, Paul rose up and struck one of them in the face. The teacher said "What is that for?" Paul said, "I want you to help me fight these boys, I cannot do it alone, they plague me all the time." The teacher said, "I will tell your father about this." He came home crying. His father went at once to the teacher and said, "My boy shall be no other boys' fag, if you believe in it your school is doomed." The teacher replied "This is like Eaton and Harrow and they allow it; I cannot stop it." Soon an English teacher came on and gave an account of "fags" in these schools;

told how one boy had to stay during vacation and study and made a path around a hill where he walked every day. The trustees asked this Boston teacher to resign, which he did. Another was employed, but he was not a success. The school was given up and used as an Armory, then for cold storage and was accidentally burned with all its contents.

When Garfield was elected President, Paul enjoyed the excitement. He had a company of ten boys who carried torch lights. They also had a drum and fife and many carried oyster cans to drum on, held by a string around their necks. On the night of the election they had a grand rally in his back yard with the servants of his home and neighbors to applaud their speeches.

CHAPTER II.

College Life.

At fifteen years of age he went to a coeducational college with his sister, four years older. He was soon made one of the editors of the college paper. He there had the reading of the New York Daily Sun, and has taken it ever since, for it gives the most news for the least money.

A preparatory department was added the year Paul went and he had a special teacher, as he was the only one in the senior class. He wrote home "all the drill work in languages had to be unlearned, because the methods were different, and they advocate sending children early to these schools." His mother visited there and was surprised at the quietness of Paul at the table. She therefore proposed he go to the Fraternity house, which he did. There, he met a Japanese, and boys from

every state in the Union, and many from Europe. He sent a postal card around the world, giving its route, and it came back. He then had it framed with glass on both sides of it.

He entered into the freshman hazing, but his clothes were torn and he said it was very brutal and he would have nothing to do with the sophomore hazing. This made the boys angry—they swore he should take part. One noon day, as he went to dinner, a carriage drove up and some one within told him and his chum to have a ride. They got in and were carried ten miles out of town and detained until after the sophomore hazing. This escapade was told to the faculty and Paul headed a paper, stating all the circumstances, but the faculty said, “Everyone, who has gone out of town, in this hazing, shall be suspended six months.” Paul went home. In a few days a letter came from the President of the College saying, “We have looked up your record; it is good. We invite you to return and no questions will be asked.” A merchant of the college town also called on

Paul's father and told him to send the boy back; therefore to please his father he returned for only one term to show that he could. It was at this time a young man whose father was very rich, said to Paul, "Go with me to Germany, I will pay all your expenses, I want company." Paul's parents consented and gave him five hundred dollars to return if he did not wish to stay.

He promised his mother he would not learn to drink beer, and in a few weeks he wrote her "the servants' food is only what they take from the tables they serve, and although we have five or six courses, I do not get enough to eat. If I hesitate at all they take up the dish and bring another. Everything is full of olive oil; I do not wonder people drink beer, it is because they are hungry." In three months he returned to America, but, that we may know something more of this visit I insert one of his letters to his mother.

Berlin, Germany,

Sept. 27, 1888.

My Dear Brother Willie and Folks:—

I am now settled here in a German boarding house called “Pension;” we are on Fredericke Strasse, near the center of the city. Last week I went through a large building called the “old museum,” which contains some splendid statues, taken from the ruins around Rome and Greece. One very fine statue, of a boy in prayer, was pulled out of the bottom of the Tiber and was purchased for ten thousand dollars. The museum contains many very valuable paintings by the old masters, such as Rubens, Titian, Van Dyke and others, but they do not interest me much; I would as soon see a lot of “tea-store” chromos, for they are too much alike, mythological subjects and madonnas, so I went out to the National Gallery, which contains modern paintings, and there saw some beautiful landscapes, war scenes and in fact as many beautiful paintings as I ever

saw in my life. But while I cannot help but admire this beautiful city, with its wonderful art galleries, clean pavements, its universities, libraries, and fine police system, I do not admire the tyranny, it might be called, which compels every young man to serve in the army for three years. The tyranny which keeps 25,000 soldiers daily in Berlin, the tyranny which makes the people support this army, the King (Kaiser in German) to support the dukes and lords. The people are really bankrupt, there is not a store here as large as Hower and Higbee's in Cleveland. Berlin is full of thousands of little stores, each storekeeper making enough to live on and that is all. We do not see here the elegant private carriage one sees in Cleveland. I have not seen over five or six private carriages; the people are too poor; they are eaten up by taxes to support the army, the King and his royal relations.

All is glitter here on the outside, but what is the inside? America after all is the only country worth living in. We have at our table Frau

Van Shack and her two daughters, and we talk more or less German at the table. I am studying right along the Dutch and making some progress. Friday I went to the old castle and went through the gorgeous rooms in which Frederick the Great held his levees. This is the old palace. (Kaiser William lives in the new palace). It is an immense square building of stone, of 600 rooms; the rooms have polished hard-wood floors and we had to put on large cloth slippers, to wear while walking around. The ceilings and doors were lined with gilt and gold, and were really grand. I stood under the same chandelier under which Luther defended himself at the conclave at Worms and I squatted down in a royal chair in which Kings and Queens of Prussia have sat for the last hundred years. One of the keepers saw me and made me jump up pretty lively, but I did not see any difference in feeling, than I would sitting down in an ordinary American chair.

This old palace was the most interesting place I have yet been to. I also went to the

Arsenal, a building devoted to the relics of the various wars, containing guns, and swords of two hundred years ago. I do not like the climate here, it is very damp and cold and a day of sunshine such as we have in America is very rare; it is a good place to take cold in. These German people here are a very large race, and the women are nearly all tall and strong, but although I have been here a week I have not seen one German girl with a pretty face. They are all strong and healthy looking, with fine figures, dress well but without taste. My health aside from a cold is very good. Mr. Howard and myself have found a gymnasium, which is free, and we shall go there and exercise twice a week. While I am here I am going to study the German language at least three hours a day and try to learn to speak it; in fact, I can now talk enough to make myself understood. I retire early, for, by the time night comes, I am rather tired of sight seeing and studying.

Berlin is a modern city and seems very much

like Chicago in many respects. I shall write often and keep you posted on what I am doing and hope all are well at home. My address is American Exchange, Unter den Linden.

Your affectionate brother,

PAUL.

After Paul Ellis had returned from Germany he thought to himself, what had I better do, now, and he knew how popular the lecture course had been with such men as J. G. Holland and Henry Ward Beecher, so he wrote to a number of men who had appeared on this platform, but from all got the reply, "that they had been engaged for more than a year in advance" He then wrote to a mesmerist, who had pleased the students and faculty at college, who accepted, after having sent testimonials and stated his price, which was two-thirds of the money for admission. Paul with one-third was to pay for the rent of the Hall, advertisements, and all other expenses. A minister of the town said to him, "I have heard your man; get the

largest place you can, and I will help you fill it.” He took one at two hundred dollars a week, asked twenty-five cents admission, and the hall was packed every night for six weeks. Paul’s mother said, “Invite him to dinner, I want to know him.” He came but could not mesmerize her; he said she had too strong a will. He was also invited to meet the medical faculty and members of the Bar, and to them he could not explain its power.

Paul’s mother attended one night. About twelve were on the platform. One of them would go into the audience and take a shawl from a woman, then a hat from another, put them on, then go up on the front of the stage and sing an old fashioned song, then the others would step forward and sing with him. The Professor would lift up his hands and all would stop, when he put down his hands all would sing again. He would show them Niagara Falls, and they would say, how wonderful, what a roar. Then Paul’s mother did not wonder that people would go night after night

to see and hear it all. Paul had excursion rates on railroads. One man came to Paul and said "I have brought six from out of town and will pay you ten dollars to admit them," and Paul said, "I am not allowed to give standing room, nor can I take more than the regular price."

One night Paul came home with a satchel full of 25 and 50 cent pieces, and laid them on his mother's bed, and said, "See here, papa told me he would give me \$5.00 if I would make it pay. I took this in, all in one night. In three months I shall give to the professor eight thousand dollars and have one thousand for myself clear of all expenses. They next went to Detroit and he hired a larger hall, but a crowd draws a crowd and the time of year was not so favorable.

CHAPTER III.

Real Estate.

They then went to Chicago but the Professor was followed by theatre-managers who offered twice the salary Paul gave. He then returned home and arranged to have a dime museum. All sorts of freaks came to see him, and Paul's mother interfered and Paul's father gave him one thousand dollars if he would go into the real estate business. He did, and soon opened up a street where he planted small trees and laid a two-board sidewalk, and put in gas and water connections. He sold only to school teachers or to insurance men. His lots were 50 x 150 for one hundred and fifty dollars. Five dollars down and five each month. Paul's brothers were curious to see how it would work out, for real estate men were asking more for their lots nearby, but Paul had a

girl who appreciated his every effort and would go out with him and would suggest and encourage him, (that little girl has been his inspiration ever since). In 1892 they were married by her father, who is a clergyman, the coldest day in January, in a coast town of Maine. They came to a hotel on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, and by telegrams received the congratulations of relatives and friends. Both were good travelers, for May had taken the place of her mother, who died when she was fifteen, and had helped her father to build churches, for which work he was famous. It is a fact that the children of ministers are the most wealthy in New York City. They have learned to put every dollar where it will do the most good.

CHAPTER IV.

Goes to New York.

Paul in his real estate had two allotments far apart; one was in the steel-mill district. Near it were many foreigners who had a love for beer. He saw, in a New York paper, a man would exchange two houses in Brooklyn for real estate in Paul's city. Paul offered him one of these allotments of sixty-nine lots, for his two houses in Brooklyn. It was accepted, and deeds recorded. Paul begged his father, in his visit to New York, to look at these houses, on Green and Lafayette streets. He did, and reported they were 25 x 50 and rented to good respectable people. Then Paul said to his wife, "I am going to New York to see what I can do in real estate, and if favorable we will move there." She waited anxiously to know the result. He at last secured 137 acres at a cost of

\$137,000, the security to be the two houses in Brooklyn, and five thousand dollars his father gave him. It was an old farm with a colonial house in a large yard with trees, and about ten miles "as the crow flies" from New York, but much farther if you go by the elevated railroad. After the first year they took up their residence in this house and found two friends willing to share their loneliness with them.

Paul made great preparations for an auction-sale on Decoration Day. He gave free rides, free lunches and a brass band to play all day, and said all lawyers' fees would be free, to purchasers. This is the report he made to his parents on that occasion, "My auction sale on Decoration Day was very successful, as I sold \$17,000 dollars' worth of lots.

"This reduces my mortgage that much and makes a big saving on my interest, so that, taking it all together, I feel very well satisfied. I now have paid \$3,750 on taxes and interest and feel very much relieved, for it has been a great load to carry. I expect to do quite a business

in selling lots until snow comes. September and October have been my good months. We move into town Tuesday. Buildings are springing up like mushrooms and we have quite a city now on the property, several new houses will be started the coming week. I think I am going to come out all right. I may not make as much profit as I expected. I think in a year I will have the heirs all paid off. It is cold and snow covers the ground and business is consequently dull.

“April 30, 1906—Am selling from two to three thousand dollars' worth of lots per week and we have some houses going up, and I feel fairly well satisfied. I think the natives hereabout are opening their eyes, for one or two envious ones said, 'That a Western man, who knew nothing about lots in New York, could not do much.' The prices I am getting are fairly good, though not quite as much as I expected, but if the sales keep on at this rate I shall have no cause to complain. There is one good thing in New York, you find more cash buyers than

I imagined. Nearly everyone has a roll, if possible. I think I have struck it right and if all goes as I anticipate I shall make a comfortable fortune. I wish my brothers were in it with me, but that I suppose is impossible. We moved out here in April, have electric light in front of our ten roomed house and many trees in the yard, and only ten miles from the city, not so far as not to be in touch with city life."

"March, 1907—I am kept so busy with my lots I have not written. O. H., the actor, will probably buy my home on my property together with seven lots, for \$7,500.

"November 7, 1907—Lots are not selling as fast as they did, but I manage to do a little something, enough to pay my expenses. Expect to do well in the spring, but it will be slow this winter. McKinley's victory has revived business to some extent, already, and it ought to make things better, for a few years at any rate. We both enjoy it here in New York.

“September 27, 1898—I have about seven thousand dollars’ worth of lots to pass title on January 21st, after the payment I make next month I will reduce my mortgage from \$137,000 to \$67,000, or one half. I have sold more than \$6,000 worth of lots since April. I have only thirty-five lots left. I will have a man and wife to stay in my house all winter, so as to look after the house. I will either buy some more property or rest for a while and build some houses.”

CHAPTER V.

Paul's Mother Visits Him.

Paul's mother, who is now a widow, went to New York to look over the situation and perhaps make her residence there. In one allotment there were 168 houses; some were three story, as the basement or cellar was built above ground because of water on the low ground in early spring. She found it settled mostly by Germans; one woman was driving her flock of geese along the street to house them. That nationality like good feather beds and coverlids of feathers. She concluded Paul did not need her help.

April 6, 1902—Paul wrote his mother: "Have just bought \$55,000 worth of lots, north of my property; paid \$7,500 down and am owing \$43,000 at 5 per cent interest. Had to pay a big price for them, but I will make a fair profit.

“I have had several opportunities to trade Father’s summer home, but not just what I wanted.” Paul’s mother had made a visit to it, and the associations were so many and so real, she was heart-sick, and she said to him, “Sell it or trade it, for the house is old and the dock needs many repairs.” They traded it at last for lots near New York. Paul and his wife preferred to build on three large rocks a half mile below it, not far from the shore. They filled the spaces in with earth and stone and built a sea-wall and put on it a stone cottage, very modern, as they had a New York architect plan it. The great steamers and tows and yachts of the St. Lawrence river pass very near it and in a wide enclosed porch, it is almost like living out of doors. They also escape mosquitoes and flies, which cannot live in a strong breeze.

February 8, 1903—Paul writes: “We leave for Mexico Wednesday next, spending a day in Havana, then go to Yucatan by way of Pro-

greso, met brother and wife and her father and mother as they were about to sail for the Holy Land; wished them bon voyage.

“February 12, 1903—Progreso is half way between Havana and Vera Cruz. We have summer weather. The round trip is \$116.00 from New York. You ought to take it some time. Sold father’s cottage for sixty-nine lots in Rochelle. Putting in city water, gradings and sidewalks costing two thousand dollars. I think I can do something with them.

“May 23, 1904—I am glad you are at the St. Louis Fair at Christian Endeavor Hotel. We sent your new dress to your home, better send for it. I enclose a newspaper slip, that the Egyptian Pasha is to be at the Fair, and the ‘Cuba plant exhibit’ with tropical flowers are at the Palace of Forestry—hope you will see it.

“December 1, 1904—We sail on the ‘Crete’ of the White Star line. On January 25th we take the ‘Meteor’ of the Hamburg American

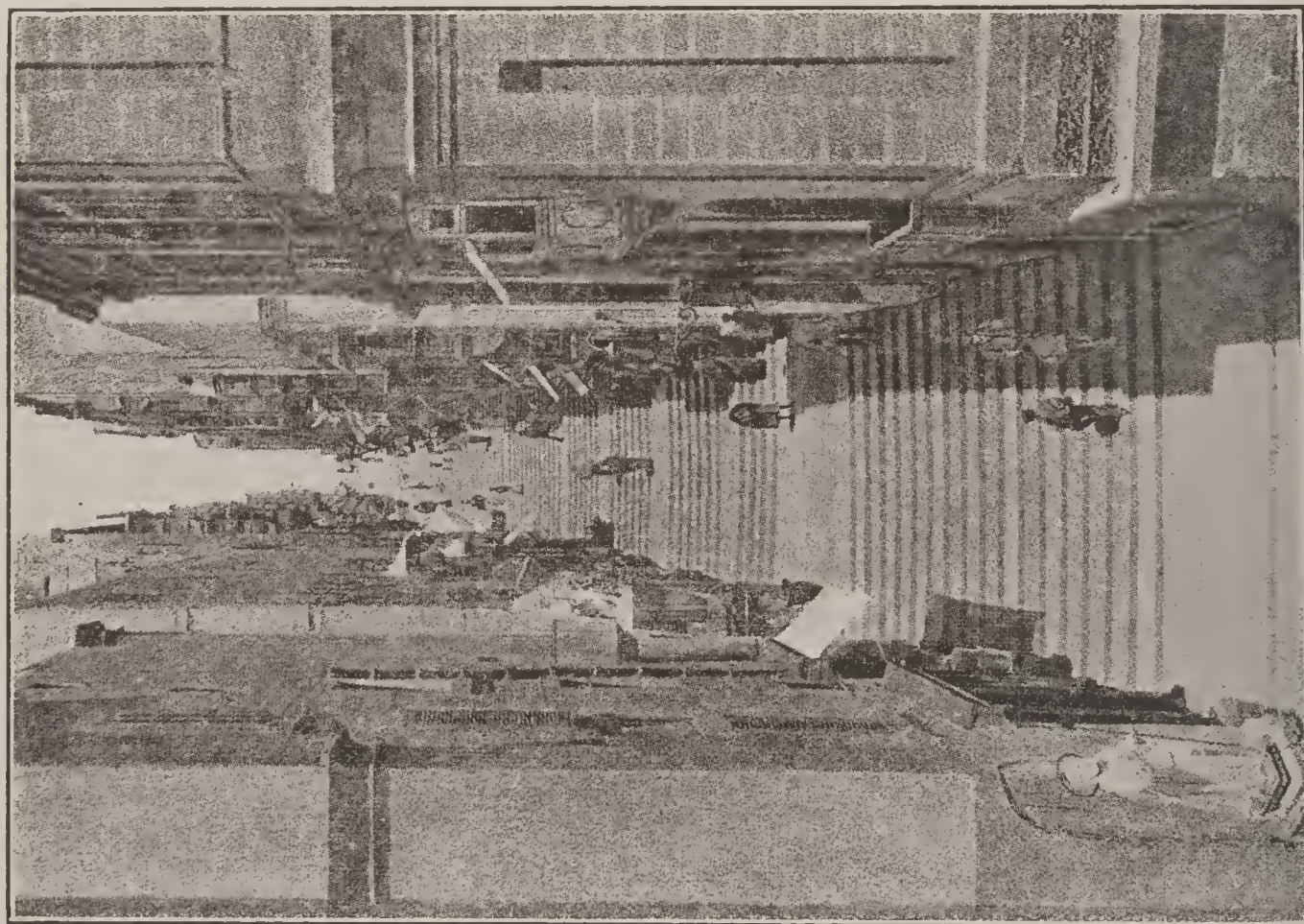
line for a trip to Corsica, Tunis, Algiers and other places. On board is a young man who is building a street railway on the island of 'Malta.' Arrived in Genoa yesterday and felt quite ashamed to see large steamers starting for South America, while we, in the U. S., have not a single line to South America. A protective tariff has killed our foreign trade; we prefer to live on each other.

"The 'Meteor' is used as a cruiser to Norway in the summer. It is the finest steamer made; carries no freight, none but first class passengers, and is fitted up like a big private yacht. We have a band of music and the best promenade deck I ever saw. About 140 passengers are American and English, the rest are the better class of Germans.

"January 25, 1904—Have arrived at Smyrna; the city is lighted up with electricity and looks modern in the distance, although one of the oldest cities in the world. The hills are covered with snow. It generally costs us from six to ten dollars to see a town.



SIRACUSA



“We arrived at Malta last Thursday and as we entered the beautiful harbor in which were English battle-ships, armored cruisers and torpedo destroyers, surrounded by high fortresses and the city of Malta towering above, it was a sight worth the trip. Malta stands next to Gibraltar in being the strongest fortified place in the world.

“Mrs. McElroy and her baby and nurse came out, in a small boat, to meet us and we were the first persons off the ‘Meteor.’ After a drive about the town with its narrow but clean streets and fine views of the harbor, we took dinner with her and Mr. McElroy at their hotel. It seemed fine to have friends in this far-off place. Mr. McElroy is constructing an electric street railway, and the ‘lift’, which he and his partner will own outright.

“They built, by contract, the street railway in Glasgow, Scotland; Brighton, England, and other places. They own a tram line in New Zealand. He will retire on his fortune next year and settle in New York. He is under forty

and has been living in London seven years, making it his headquarters. He says there are plenty of opportunities in Europe to build towns and that is the reason he left the United States. Malta has 10,000 English soldiers, besides a Navy.

“January 15, 1904—We have just passed through the straits of the Dardanelles on our way to Constantinople. At Smyrna a boy called ‘American Charley’ talked very good English and I hired him by the day. We went first to the bazaar, bought some ‘gimcracks,’ drank Turkish coffee and ordered a couple of rugs for my New York office (cost fifty dollars) to be paid for when delivered.

“We then went to the Armenian quarter, the French and Turkish quarters and entered the Mosque and located the Minaret. Some went to Ephesus, two hours away, by rail.

“In Constantinople quantities of fish and game are sold on the street, wood-cock and pheasant are abundant; we had two of the latter for lunch, as good as at Delmonico’s.



CONSTANTINOPLE



SMYRNA

“‘American Charley’ took us into his house in Smyrna and they live in a nice part of the city. His sister’s house is bright and clean and she was sitting on the balcony of the second floor when she invited us, in Greek and Turkish, to come in and have a sip of cognac, which we did, as we were glad to see how they lived. The home was a very pretty one and clean. ‘American Charley’ said, ‘We have a brother in New York who is a waiter,’ and he showed us his picture, and May recognized him instantly as the waiter at our hotel, who serves us occasionally, but who is the regular waiter for Mr. and Mrs. Tunis. We then remembered this waiter, whose name was Socrates; he said he had a brother also in Athens, and another in Smyrna.

“We arrived at Nice, a handsome resort on the Riviera, reminding one of Paris with its fine shops and cafes and a beautiful quay on the sea shore, several hundred hotels, parks and the handsomest villas I ever saw.

“In the afternoon we went to Monte Carlo,

had lunch and went into the Casino to see the roulette games, but did not try our luck. In the evening we left for Corsica, arrived in the morning. In Ajacio we saw the rooms and house where Napoleon was born, rode about town and took lunch at a hotel. It is a winter resort. The Germans appeared in tuxedos, the Americans in business clothes. I felt rather cheap. Ajacio has a good drive by the sea-shore, a boulevard and baths. Saw an old amphitheatre built by the Greeks in 450 B. C., also the ancient temple of Serapis, built by the Greeks 600 B. C., as they first settled this country, and were afterwards overcome by the Romans. The fourth day we went to the island of Capri, which is the prettiest place of all of them; then went to the Naples Museum, and the next day to Sorrento, stayed over night and next day took the famous drive to Amalfi, the road in many places being cut into the cliff, and three or four hundred feet above the sea, although you could toss a stone from our carriage into it. We took lunch in

an old convent, now a hotel, built by the Capucine monks in the 12th century. Longfellow wrote a poem of Amalfi. It is a great rendezvous for artists. At Sorrento we ordered a couple of oil paintings from an artist named Hay. After leaving Amalfi we drove along the coast to Vetri, where we took the train back to Naples. The roads were all macadamized and kept in good order. We had over twenty miles of carriage riding. We expect to see Isabel's Aunt in Algiers.

“January 11, 1905—We arrived in Algiers and took a carriage immediately to see Miss Roberts. It is a fine hotel where the American colony is located. Miss R. had not finished her breakfast so we walked in the garden in front of the hotel under orange and palm trees. Miss R. is very bright and agreeable. We took a drive of two hours and then took lunch with her, and she secured a guide who took us through the Arab quarter, which was very dirty. The women wear veils and the costumes

are decidedly Oriental. Algiers is a fine city, built on terraces, and was very interesting. We are indebted to Miss R. and Miss L. for their hospitality.

“We arrived in Tunis this morning and drove to the site of Carthage, once mistress of the Mediterranean. Quite a little remains, and excavations are being made right along. The Museum on the site of the old temple contains large numbers of columns, inscriptions and the various things used by the Phoenicians. It must have been a great city in its day.

“While at the ruins we drove to Tunis, ten miles away, passing camels, Arabs by the hundred, and decidedly Oriental houses and scenes. Tunis is so picturesque we regret not staying there longer. I bought some Phoenician coins and a terra cotta lamp dug out of the ruins while we were there. We went through the Arab bazaar where they make rugs, Arabian jewelry, etc. I also got some of the Mosaic pavement, broken pieces of it are lying all over about the site of ancient Carthage.



CARTHAGE



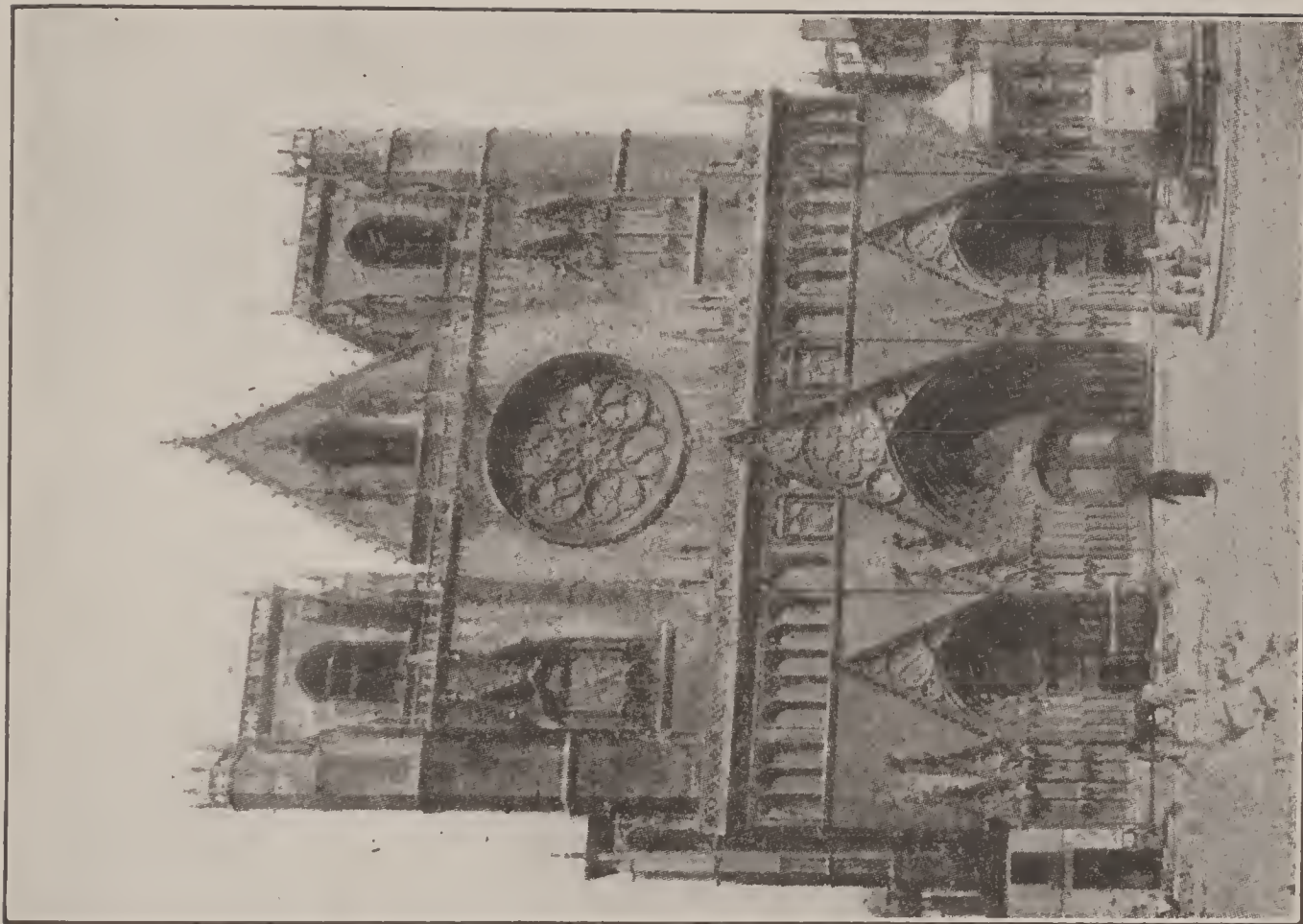
ARABIAN VILLAGE NEAR CAIRO

“January 25, 1905—We went to Syracuse and I saw the old Greek Theatre hewn out of solid rock 2300 hundred years ago, also the amphitheatre built by the Romans after they had subdued the Greeks. The latter had plays in this theatre, while the Romans had gladiatorial exhibitions, and threw Christians to the wild beasts for amusement of the spectators. The rooms where the lions and tigers were kept connecting with the amphitheater are still in a good state of preservation.

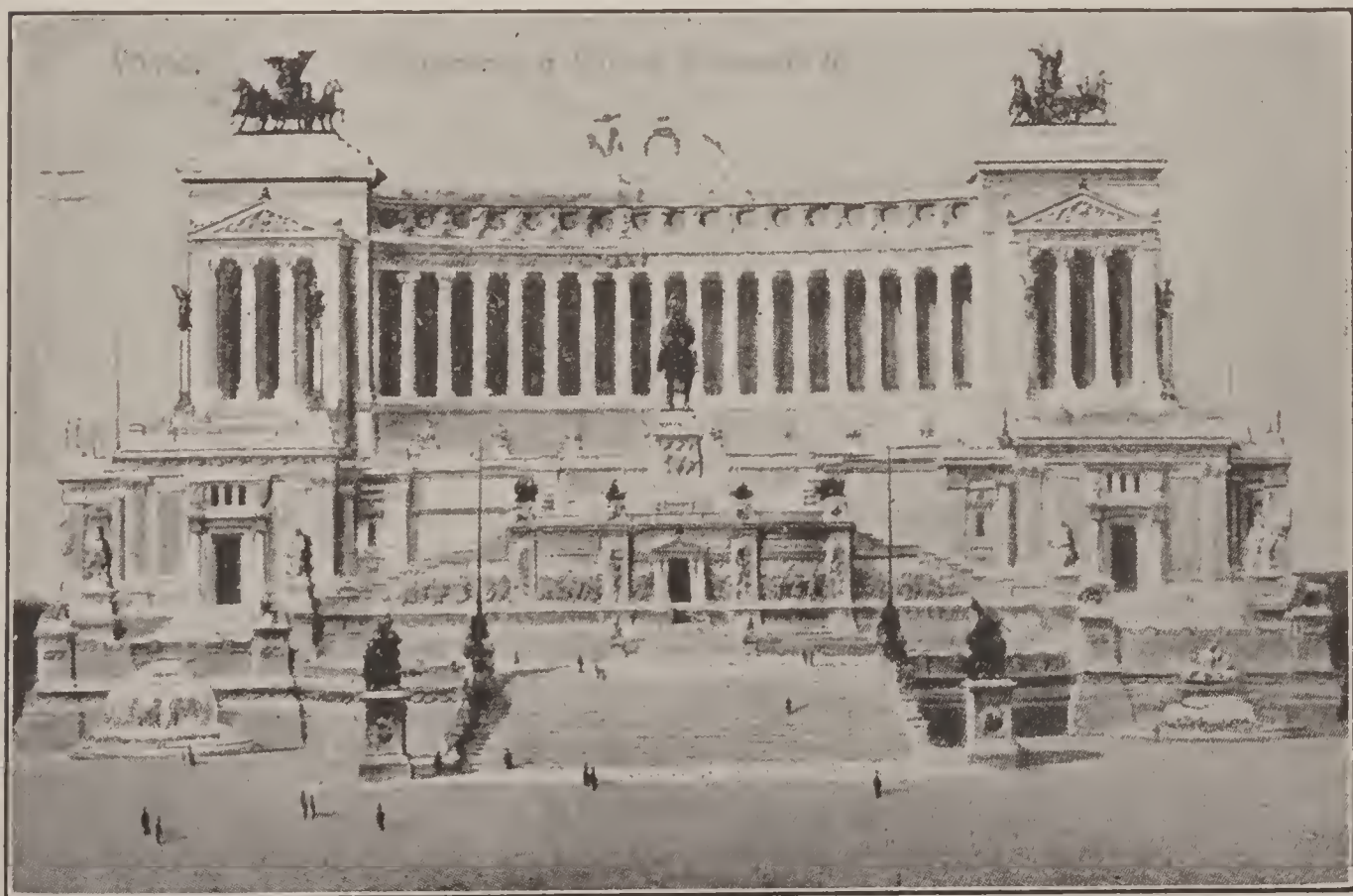
“We were in the catacombs of Syracuse, which are larger than those of Rome. They are a series of tunnels about seven feet high and six to eight feet wide, crossing each other, where the Romans buried their dead in side openings, storing them in a sarcophagus. It takes twenty-four hours of constant walking to go through them all, if you care to do so. They run over hills and in all directions, even to the sea. The rock was soft so it could be cut easily. We also saw the ancient quarries which are immense caverns, where the ancients

dug out their rock, with which to build their cities and walls. One of them is shaped like an ear and Dionysius could hear every word his captive said, through an opening in the top. The guide tore a piece of paper, and you could hear it all over the ear-shaped quarry. In another quarry Dionysius placed 2,000 captive prisoners to die of starvation and Socrates, they said, was among those who died in this quarry. We also visited the museum. The ancients surpassed us in the use of statuary and marble.

“This morning we arrived at Messina and after a short drive around the city took the train for Tasamonia, where is located the old theatre built by the Greeks 900 feet above the sea, on a sort of promontory, cut out of solid rock. It was a beautiful drive up there from the station. From one side of the theatre we could see Mt. Etna near by, and from the other the sea, which lay below. In fact you could see the sea from almost every side. We took lunch in a hotel, once a monastery, then drove about town and returned to Messina, getting on our boat at once.”



CATHEDRAL SAINT-JEAN, LYONS



ROME, ITALY

VICTOR EMANUEL MONUMENT

CHAPTER VII.

Rome and Monte Carlo.

“February 5, 1905. Dear Mother:—

“Am glad to hear you are taking a trip to Cuba; you would enjoy Mexico. We were in Rome eight days. We took drives three days, afterwards went by ourselves. The proprietor of the Grand Hotel is also owner of the Savoy in New York, and is a very pleasant young man.”

“February 12, 1905—Leaving Florence we stopped a couple of hours at Pisa to see the Leaning Tower, and it was well worth seeing. We went to Genoa for a day and then went to Monte Carlo by boat. We were in the hotel facing the harbor and two handsome yachts were in it, owned, one by an Englishman, and the other by an American. We then went to Nice by the lower road and were driven home

on the upper carriage road, which is about one thousand feet above the sea level and skirts the Mediterranean for at least twenty miles; it is a beautiful drive, and the road is kept in perfect condition. A large number of automobiles passed us, as it is one of the most famous drives in the world.

“From Nice to here, you pass one handsome villa after another, all terraced and in palms and orange trees and flowers.

“Last night we went to the Casino to watch the gambling, and it was quite a sight. There were about twenty roulette tables crowded with players in the immense Casino, and hundreds of people in evening clothes. I lost forty francs in about fifteen minutes, so I stopped, as the odds are too great in favor of the owners. The man who is foolish enough to try Wall Street has a better chance in Wall Street than here. I have worked too hard to make my money to throw it away on such games as roulette in Monte Carlo.

“The villas are all built of stone, then plas-

tered on the outside and painted, generally white, with red or fancy colored tile roofs and arranged in picturesque fashions. They are fireproof. Our people have much to learn in the way of substantial stone houses and good roads.

“We saw the Crown Prince of Germany at the Hotel-de-Ville in Florence, when we took lunch there. He is a tall, thin young man and does not ‘look the part.’ We bought a couple of small oil paintings in Florence and a marble bust of Hermes.

“We left Paris Saturday morning, February 25th, and we will be in New York in one week on the ‘Lorraine.’ This is a fine steamer, a splendid table, made 498 knots yesterday. May was the only woman at dinner Sunday, and she beats me as a sailor, as I did not feel very gay for a couple of days. I have sent you twenty-five colored postals.

“New York, March 21, 1906—We have had two snow storms the past few days, and the

streets are filled with slush and snow—am glad of your visit here and hope your new glasses will be of benefit. Dr. L. thought you were very original. He is a first class physician, was once a surgeon for the Union Pacific R. R., and has traveled in Japan and the far East.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Rosette Island, St. Lawrence River.

“August 29, 1906—The cottage is so we can occupy it. The sea wall is being built and two large sail-scows bring dirt and next year we will have the sodding done.

“New York, November, 1906—We have changed our office, for we needed more room. Have just bought another tract of land containing over one thousand lots. We shall sail on Thanksgiving Day for Egypt.

“December, 1906. ‘The Cedric’—There are 270 first class passengers. Our party consists of five, Mr. and Mrs. C., Mrs. W. and ourselves. Our friends in New York sent us flowers and fruit and a book. This is one of the largest boats in the world and very steady. Will stop a few hours in Gibraltar and land at Algiers.

“December 26, 1906—We spent four days at Shepherd’s in Cairo and are now on one of Cooks’ steamers ‘Rameses,’ on our way up the Nile. We stopped yesterday at the ruins of Memphis and visited tombs built five thousand years ago. We had to ride donkeys back several miles from the shore and on the edge of the desert. The inscriptions were as plain as if made but one hundred years, and some of the colors also. Only kings and nobilities could afford tombs. We took lunch at the Gezarah Palm Hotel in Cairo, and I thought of your visit and father’s there in 1895. It is a handsome place.

“We are going as far as the second cataract and it will take us about three weeks to make the trip. I am quite sore from the long ride we had on the donkeys yesterday, as the saddle was hard. We each had a donkey-boy or native, who walked or ran the entire distance, but it did not seem to tire them.

“Today we make no stops and are enjoying the sail in warm summer weather, although the

nights are cool. It is a strange sight to see so many odd looking boats, the camels and natives on the shore, together with the tropical scenery. There are 72 passengers on board, half of whom are Americans and the balance mostly English, as quite a number came over with us, and we are having a pleasant time together.

“January 29, 1907—If I told you what we had seen it would be too much like a guide book. So I have been sending you postals for your collection. Our hot weather lasted about three weeks. Every night the thermometer would get down to 40 or 48 and as there were no fires, you can imagine that it was far from comfortable. The sun shines every day and we enjoy the sights.

“We left our friends at Assuan. The trip back from there took six days. We saw the temple of Abydos, which is famous, and on the walls was written, in hieroglyphics, the list of all the Egyptian kings. which enabled the



LUXOR



THEBES

Egyptians to know the date of the various rulers, and all the temples are being restored where necessary, leaving them in fine condition for future generations.

“We attended some races at Luxor, gotten up for the benefit of the local hospital, and found them very interesting, especially the camel races. I have had a couple of falls from donkeys, but they were not serious. Quite a number are sick, but principally from colds and fevers.

“Generally a town has been built on top of the temples, and an immense amount of rubbish has to be cleaned away by the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The dragoman takes the people ashore and explains everything, making it very interesting. He is a Syrian and talks many languages. Excavating is going on constantly and all the temples are well guarded, so that no damage is done by visitors. The country we are now passing through is quite barren, as the desert runs down to one side of the Nile, while, on the other, is only a narrow strip

of green. The Egyptians certainly excel in stone work and it is wonderful the way in which they handle these immense stones or how they ever got them to the tops of their temples. The architecture was also fine and the proportion equally good. We saw the great obelisk that was cut on three sides and was never removed, and was partially buried in the sand.

“Shepherd’s, Cairo, January 29, 1907—
There were not many passengers coming down. We had some difficulty in getting a room. The grand ball occurred last night and was a very fine affair. There were about a thousand people present. People from all over the world, many from South America. It was a great sight to see the various nationalities, also the handsome gowns of the ladies sparkling with diamonds. We have met a number of friends here and of course we are glad to see them when so far from home. We took lunch again at the Gezarah hotel and enjoyed

it, and went out to the Pyramids once, before we left Cairo, as we wanted to fix it again in our minds. Have bought some draperies for the cottage, but not much, on account of the duties, and it makes a great deal to carry round with us.

“Monte Carlo, March, 1907—We saw, here, some of the Vanderbilts, Mr. and Mrs. Leeds,—she who was Anne Stewart, Frank Munsey of Munsey Magazine, Henry Watterson, beside other well known people. The weather is fine here, having bright sunshine almost every day, and flowers bloom all winter. The nights are cold, but we can sleep all the better for it, as we do a great deal of walking, which makes us sleep well at night. The proprietors win such large sums that they pay all the taxes and the police, and it is the cleanest place I ever saw. I know enough French to get around and ask questions; studied it on the steamer more or less, but conversation is quite different from reading French.

“Rosette Island, July 28, 1907—Brother is handling my business in good shape, and is just the person I needed. I have commenced to enlarge my boat house in order to get my new boat “Clarinda” into it.

“September 4, 1908—We left Sunday for Montreal, passed through the Rapids and stayed one night at the Windsor Hotel. Have just finished seeing Ausable Chasm; something like Watkins Glen.

“Will spend tonight on Bluff Point at Hotel Champlain, and in the morning take the boat through Lake Champlain and Lake George to Saratoga, where we will stay a day or two and leave by the Troy boat for New York. Dr. L. of New York was with us for one week. Frank Taylor inquired for you.

CHAPTER IX.

Third Trip to Europe.

“January 7, 1908—On the R. M. S. ‘Caromia’; about 325 first class passengers are on board, so it is more like a hotel than anything else, and one is not apt to make many acquaintances. William Dean Howells, the novelist, and his wife are aboard, also Jacob H. Schiff and his wife, and a Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, from Lincoln, Nebraska. Mrs. Marshall says Cousin Halleck is considered one of the best lawyers in Nebraska. I left brother looking well and know he will run the business satisfactorily. I have an old college friend helping him. Will write you a line from Spain and send you a good many postals.

“April, 1908.—We will arrive in New York tomorrow. We are having a fearfully rough

trip; if we had not had hurricanes, gales and storms we would have been in New York now, but giant waves came and we had to slow down for a while and change our course.

“The first day it was fine and then the trouble commenced, but it will soon be over. They publish a daily paper aboard and I will mail you one, which contains an account of a woman’s club in Paris. I was attacked with influenza in the Riviera and had to see an English doctor, who brought me around all right. We stayed in Paris ten days and saw Fred Glidden. I used to go to grammar school with him. There are a couple here whom we met in the Alhambra. We sit at the purser’s table; he is a very intelligent Frenchman who married an English wife. A Frenchman next to us, at the table, goes to New York every year, selling silks, as he has a very large silk factory in Lyons. This line has the best food of any on the ocean.

“June 9th, 1909—Went to Ithaca for our twenty-fifth reunion. Saw Professor Crane.

Ex-President White addressed us and came home on the same train with Walter C. Keres, '79, also Ryder, '78, who wished to be remembered to sister E., as did Morse, who graduated in '84. We roomed at his house. Our class had one-third of its members present.

“July 23, 1909—Am having more dirt put on the island, which now is a full acre. I had an Indian last week working for me; he is a good clock-watcher, and very lazy. We had English, Swedish, Italian and an American working for us and a German cook.

“Do come to the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York. We will take you to see the naval parade and the military procession. It will be a wonderful sight. You can get here September 21st, and stay ten days. Sixty-five war ships, from all nations, are to be in line. We shall never have such a novel parade again. I know you will enjoy it. Think it over and come, it will cost you nothing but railroad fare.



AGRA, INDIA



SHANGHAI TEA HOUSE

“December 8, 1909—We will sail on the ‘Lusitania’ for England and go from there to Marseilles, where we will get a P. & O. boat on the 27th for Bombay, and from there around the world. We shall try to stop with you, for a day, on our way back. Brother and wife in their trip around the world will arrive in San Francisco on February 5th, so we will not meet each other.. We are reading up on India, Japan and Burma.

“January 10, 1910—We are now here in Delhi, India. We then go to Agra, then Calcutta. It is cold here as we are in Northern India, on the foothills of the Himalayas. Most of the people in this hotel are English, with a sprinkling of Americans, among others, Col. Knox and his wife of New York, maker of Knox hats. May knows Mrs. Knox, so we met them today. I do not expect to come here again, but will not bother you with accounts of what we have seen as it would seem too guide-bookish. We stopped at a place called Abu, driving seven-

teen miles into the mountains, an altitude of 4,900 feet above the sea, to see a wonderful mosque. The old Indian Kings built some beautiful marble palaces and mosques that cannot be excelled for beauty by anything in modern architecture.

“Coming on the boat, we met some Americans and have traveled with them until today, when we separated. We are not hurrying but stay as long as we wish, and have generally known pleasant people.

“We have seen so many strange sights and things in India, it would be difficult to recount them; for instance, the Hindus venerate monkeys and we have passed hundreds of them wandering in the fields, as large as big dogs, with enormous tails. Yesterday a lot of them came running along the stone wall within ten feet of our carriage, so May got a good snap shot of one as he stopped, on the wall, almost in front of her. In Jaipur we rode on elephants out to Amber to see the palace of an old Indian king. This is a good hotel, but most of the

hotels in India are very poor, especially away from the large towns.

“We have not heard from home, but hope to get some letters in Colombo, Ceylon, of Thomas Cook & Son.

“April 4, 1910—We are on the Pacific ocean, Pacific Mail Co. steamship. We shall stop in San Francisco a couple of days and also go to the Yosemite Valley, if it is open, which we doubt. Pleasant weather has been with us since we left Yokohama. There are about 125 passengers, mostly Americans, including quite a number of missionaries on their way home. Two of your city, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Pope.



FUJI MOUNTAIN, JAPAN



ROSETTE ISLAND

CHAPTER X.

Japan.

“Japan was very interesting. I hope we may be able to go back there again sometime. We went to see all the well known places like Kyoto, Osaka, Kobe, Nikko, Kamakura, and other places. Sitting at our table was a retired army officer, and he gave us pointers about Japan. One of my classmates, Dr. Tsamaki Corswell, of Cornell '84, is very prominent in Tokyo, and we had him take lunch with us. He invited us to dine with him, but we had another engagement. He is Director General of the Bureau of Finance and has been decorated by the Emperor with the order of the Rising Sun, for his services in the war with Russia.

“Mr. Melville E. Stone, head of the Associated Press, was given a private car by Baron Goto, in which to go to Nikko, and he very kindly invited us to go along. Baron Goto's

Japanese chef was also aboard, also a waiter and guards. It was a beautiful private car. Mr. Melville E. Stone and Miss Stone and May and I were all that were in the party.

“Nikko is about six hours’ ride from Tokyo. We went up one day and remained at the hotel for a day, seeing the sights, and came back in the private car the next day, having our meals aboard.

“Mr. Stone received a great deal of attention in Tokyo. The Japanese people are the most generous, polite and hospitable people in the world.

“There is a case of smallpox aboard among the steerage, so we have been vaccinated by the ship surgeons. It is a mild case and there is no danger. Tomorrow being Tuesday we shall have two Tuesdays, for in crossing the Pacific, we cross the line fixed by Greenwich, where another day is necessary.

“Some of the missionaries are very bright, intelligent people; there seem to be more Methodists than any others. I fear we will not

be able to stop at Honolulu on account of the case of smallpox aboard. We have at our table a Mr. and Mrs. Grau of Brooklyn, whom we met last winter on a trip to the West Indies. They were on the same boat with us from New York to Trinidad, but this winter they took a trip around the world.

“All the table and dining room stewards are Chinese, and they make splendid servants. It is a long trip across the Pacific, about eighteen days. I ought to get back to relieve brother; he has worked hard and faithfully while we were away.”

They stopped a few days with mother, bringing her presents of embroidered India silk for a waist, a ring and some brooches bought in Japan.

“July, 1909—Do not worry about the Toledo property. Let matters stand as at present until Pomroy & Co. sell it.

“July 19, 1910—We have had guests for three weeks, which it is a pleasure to entertain,

but it is more or less of a strain, because we must look out for their entertainment, also see that everything goes right in the kitchen; some stay eight days, some nine, but a week is about right, up here, for we have to arrange for their pleasure. May is a treasure and you do not know what a lovely wife she is; no one like her.

“June 9, 1911—Have sent a check to you for two, to visit us in June.

“June 28, 1911—The nieces who came with you are pleasant, bright young ladies and we enjoyed their visit. Sorry you met with an accident returning home. Had a call from A. L. S. Fifteen years ago he had a business and was probably spending twenty thousand a year. He wanted to sell his property in New York, all of which goes to show that people should save something as they go along. We are all apt to think the golden flood will keep on forever.

“October 3, 1910—I recently traded off a little island I owned and also another I bought of Mrs. B. I did not need them and so disposed of them.

“New York, October 13, 1910—Last Saturday four of us took the automobile and went to the Aviator Meet at Belmont Park, Long Island. It was a wonderful sight to see men riding through the air in flying machines and handling them with perfect ease, some rising to an altitude of 6,000 feet. I never expected to see anything like it. There was an enormous attendance of people and automobiles; \$72,000 in prizes were offered. England and France had their crack aviators present.

“I will buy another piece of property. The cost is high. Business is very bad, but we must not get out of goods. We are having high tariff, dull business, high prices, and high cost of living and the Trusts making money, but not many others.

“I have just bought 53 acres north of New

York, and there is a good deal to do. I enclose what we say in our bulletin, 'Hudson Heights News.' 'When one goes to Hastings, Yonkers or Dobbs Ferry or Tarrytown, in fact at any place along the Hudson, within easy commutation distance, we find that the property on high ground within a short walk from the station, is all taken up, and to buy on high ground at a reasonable price is impossible, but at Hudson Heights there is a station on the property and the railroad has already carried you up 200 feet, away above the Croton aqueduct. In fact the railroad crosses the aqueduct at Dunwoodie, so that a short walk up the grade takes you to Mt. Hope station, to the highest ground at a minimum of effort.

" 'It is not necessary to hire a cab or other conveyance. These are never on hand when wanted. If it rains they are sure to be all filled up, and besides they are expensive. The healthful and invigorating air and beautiful landscape of Hudson Heights is unsurpassed. Many of the views overlook

the Hudson River. Others overlook the Nepperhon Valley for miles and miles. Owing to the high altitude the property practically is free from mosquitoes and malaria. On the high ground of Sawmill river John D. Rockefeller owns 6,000 acres, James Stillman 1,000 acres, James Butler 2,000 acres, Drexel and Morgan 1,500 acres, Helen Gould 1,000 acres, not far from Hudson Heights.

“The people say the advent of this Company at Hastings three years ago was a good thing for the village, buying, as it did, a large tract of rough land, hard to develop, necessitating the blasting of streets for water and gas and sewer trenches through solid rock.

“It thereby developed a difficult tract of land, which will be the most picturesque and beautiful property in the surrounding country. Its wide 80 foot boulevard, over one half mile in length, from Farragut Road to Mt. Hope station, is a great thing for Hastings, already it has become a thoroughfare. The plans of development are on a broad scale,

with a careful regard for the future growth of the section.

“ ‘The streets laid out follow the best courses. The wide boulevard is carried winding down the hill on a long grade. Rosedale Avenue is carried on almost scientific lines straight through the old ice-ponds, though a cheaper method would have been to go round the pond with a narrow drive.

“ ‘Hamilton Avenue is also carried on a long and easy incline. When finished it will make an easy trucking road from Hastings, for the residents of the Heights. Overlook Road was also carefully planned after much thought was given to the subject. Thousands of dollars have been spent on surveys, so that the future of each street would be what it should be. Over two miles of cement sidewalk have been put down, water pipes have been put in all the streets. Maple trees were planted every thirty feet in the boulevard. These maple trees were seven years old and of very good, sturdy stock. California privet was planted along the rail-

road for 2,000 feet. This will, in a few years, make a beautiful privet hedge and hide the railroad to some extent, making the place look more like some private estate. Street signs, of enameled iron, have been placed at nearly all the street corners. These signs and posts are a very practical addition to the property and are handsome in appearance as well. While all this work was going on, the steam drills were hustling right along, blasting out cellars of the new residences. No one was delayed. When anyone was ready to build, the steam drills were on the job in no time, cellars were drilled for fifteen residences, all of which were done free of charge, as per agreement. The Company now feels that Hudson Heights has such tremendous headway, that nothing can stop its future growth. It is convenient to stations, to trolley, to schools, stores, churches and to all things; with the improvements already on the property and those yet to be completed or put in, the location is the most advantageous available north of New York City.

“ ‘Go where you will along the Hudson, to Yonkers, Hastings, Dobbs Ferry or Tarrytown, and it’s a long walk from the station to any lots to be obtained at reasonable prices. No system of bus service can possibly be maintained, at a reasonable cost to the property owner.

“ ‘Hudson Heights has a station right on the property at Hastings, known as Hudson Heights. No bus service is necessary, the residents will save all this, thereby increasing the value of their property thousands of dollars.

“ ‘Near Mt. Hope is the Sawmill River; the residents of Hudson Heights discovered a fine bathing pool in it and during the hot summer months, everybody went in for a cool swim. The Company of Hudson Heights will enlarge this pool and put it in good shape for the use of residents, exclusively; and will also put cement steps from the road down to the pool and erect a small bath house.

TO BUILD A BOULEVARD ALONG THE HUDSON.

“ ‘A grand boulevard to parallel the Hudson River, and expected to be one of the first in the country, is predicted by the citizens in this vicinity, and will begin shortly. A number of shade trees will extend in the middle of the boulevard from one end to the other. The boulevard will take the place of the old Abbey-Post-Road on Broadway, as it is now called. The thoroughfare is now thirty feet wide, but it is proposed to make it sixty feet in width, with about ten feet of parkway in the center.

“ ‘On Saturday afternoon and Sunday, one of our agents, wearing a red badge will stand in the waiting room of the New York Central one-half hour before train time, 10:45 and 2 P. M., at 125th street, and will give free transportation which takes you direct to the station and saves walking.’ ”

GOOD HEALTH.

The Physicians all prescribe outdoor life and plenty of exercise. All our great public men

have vigorous constitutions, as their vitality runs down so does their usefulness.

If you wish for success in business or public life, live in good surroundings. Country boys as a rule make better men than city boys. To them the city means a new world to conquer. Paul has seen the great drives at Monte Carlo and at Naples and he proposes to have a similar one along the Hudson River. The Bronx, where he had his one hundred and thirty-seven acres, has grown more than any other suburb in New York, and now he has taken a more expensive tract, has a fine large school house erected, and is having very elegant villas as seen in Monte Carlo, not plastered white with red tiled roofs, but of popular and most modern designs.

The reason why these people have bought in this section is because the altitude is high, the air is invigorating, the country is well wooded, and there are beautiful views in all directions. Those who have already bought in Hudson Heights know that their ground is

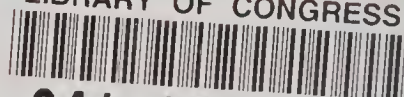
equally as high in altitude as those above mentioned, and is equally as good, the air just as invigorating, and it could not be more beautifully wooded. Besides this, Hudson Heights is very much nearer to New York City. In fact, the time table calls for less than one hour from Mt. Hope Station to Rector Street, New York, on the elevated.

His trip through Greece in the winter of 1911 revealed to him the wasted energies of the Austrian Emperor who built fifty-eight forts on the Adriatic now falling to decay.

The Olympian Theatre restored, with its marble seats and accommodation for thousands at its festivals. Again in 1912, he is visiting South America, whose citizens he met in Paris and Cairo and who always had plenty of money, but to the Yankee Boy New York is preferable to all other cities for a residence.

M. P. R.

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